Troy. A hatefull truth.
Cref. What and from *Troylus* to?
Troy. From Troy, and *Troylus.*
Creff. Is't poſſible?
Troy. And ſuddenly, where iniury of chance
Puts back, leaue taking, iuſsles roughly by:
All time of pauſe: rudely beguiles our lippes
Of all reioyndure: forcibly preuents
Our lock't embraſures, ſtrangles our dere vowes,
Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath:
We two that with ſo many thouſand ſighes,
Did buy each other, muſt poorely ſell our ſelues:
With the rude breuity, and diſcharge of one,
Iniurious time now with a robbers haſt,
Cram's his ritch theeu'ry vp hee knowes not how.
As many farewells as be ſtarres in heauen.
With diſtinct breath, and conſignde kiſſes to them,
He fumbles vp into a looſe adewe:
And skants vs with a ſingle famiſht kiſſe,
Diſtaſted with the ſalt of broken teares.
Æneas within. My Lord is the Lady ready?
Troy. Harke, you are call'd, ſome ſay the *Genius*
Cries ſo to him that inſtantly muſt die,
Bid them haue pacience ſhe ſhall come anon.
Pan. Where are my teares raine to lay this winde, or my
heart wilbe blowne vp by my throate.
Creff. I muſt then to the Grecians.
Troy. No remedy?
Creff. A wofull *Creſſid* 'mongſt the merry Greekes,
When ſhall we ſee againe.
Troy. Here me loue: be thou but true of heart.
Cref. I true? how now? what wicked deme is this?
Troy. Nay we muſt vſe expoſtulation kindely,
For it is parting from vs.
I ſpeake not be thou true as fearing thee.
For I will throw my gloue to deat himſelfe,
That there is no maculation in thy heart:
But bee thou true ſay I to faſhion in,

My

My ſequent proteſtation,
Cref. Oh you ſhalbe exp
As infinite as imminent
Troy. And ile grow frie
Cref. And you this glou
Troy. I will corrupt the
To giue thee nightly viſit
Cref. Oh heauens be tru
Troy. Here why I ſpeake
The Grecian youths are f
And ſwelling ore with a
How nouelty may moue,
Alas a kinde of Godly iea
(Which I beſeech you cal
Makes me a feard.
Cref. Oh heauens you l
Troy. Die I a villaine the
In this I do not call your f
So mainely as my merit.
Nor heele the high lauolt
Nor play at ſubtill game
To which the Grecians a
But I can tell that in each
There lurkes a ſtill, and
That tempts moſt cunnin
Cref. Do you thinke I
Troy. No, but ſomthin
And ſometimes we are di
When we will tempt the
Preſuming on their chan
Eneas within. Nay good
Troy. Come kiſſe, and le
Paris within. Brother Tro
Troy. Good brother con
And bring *Eneas* and the
Cref. My Lord will you
Troy. Who I, alas it is my
Whiles others fiſh with c